

University authorities cleaning off walks after editorial in Wednesday's edition of The Gateway

The Gateway

THERE WILL BE NO
REGULAR TUESDAY
GATEWAY
BUT WATCH FOR FRIDAY'S
ISSUE. SURPRISE!!

VOL. XXVI, No. 8.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1935

SIX PAGES

WOMEN HATERS "ADOLESCENT" OPINES AIMEE

Warrior's Husband Chosen for Play in Interyear Competition

Jean Anderson, Director, Says That it is Going to be the Best Out—
If She Can Just Get Hercules, We Agree

MEN, LEARN TO DOMINATE YOUR WOMAN!

The Sophomore Class, we have been informed, are out to cop the inter-year play competition this year. At least, the women are going to fight for it. This, by the way, may be taken quite literally.

You see, away back thousands of years ago, in the valley of the Amazon, women warriors sharpened their spears, polished their armor, replumed their helmets, and practised their battle cry. Quite regularly they would mount their chargers (not store keepers) and gallop off into the forest and drag home a few more men to keep the home fires burning. No, they didn't use them for fuel, they just bullied them into cutting wood.

The men, I mean the male members of these communities, they really weren't men, would sneak the silks and pinch the powder and wave their wool (beards, chin stubble), and some of them were even so low that they would wash themselves now and again. This last bit is going to be hard for the Sophomores.

But this couldn't go on forever. Apparently the secret of women's power was the girdle the queen wore. Now this wasn't just an ordinary foundation garment, but a fancy bejeweled belt with all the trimmings. About now, the Greeks appear on the horizon, and the women tear out to battle with them. Queenie made a mistake here, though. She didn't want to lose her girdle in the battle (is that like her girdle in the battle in poker?), so she was an imitation and put the real one in a chest. Hubby saw her? Yes, sir, the sneaking, snooping, prying, peering, panty-waist hubby of hers saw this happen, and he told Hercules and Hercules told his private secretary, and the secretary got it, and he gave it to Hercules, and Hercules tied it onto his tummy, and stuck out his chest.

In the meantime the women were battling with the Greeks, but something went wrong somewhere. Their knees began to tremble, they felt limp, their swords became heavy, they caved in. You see, they had lost their girdle.

Then Hercules strode forth and beat up a couple of wenches and was victor. And did those women like it? They just went for it.

Well, Miss Anderson, you know—Jean Anderson over here in Pembina—is directing the play. She has written part of it to cut down on the number of weighty women, and has included instead a bevy of beautiful bims. Jean says that she is getting them all out of the Sophomore class as well. These girls have been chosen primarily to please the optics, acting being a secondary consideration.

There is one hitch, though. Jean can't find a Hercules. She needs a husky, a burly bouncer, some strong-armed Atlas, a man with HE written all over him. Also, he must have a small stomach so that he can gird his groin with the girdle. Also, I have to teach him how to fence (not a sheep pasture), so don't make him too big, please.

NOTICE

Anyone wishing to manage men's intermediate basketball or men's inter-faculty basketball, please apply to Ole Rostrop, president, or Frank Layton, manager.

All those interested in playing in a students' band should get in touch with George Robertson at 35 Assiniboia immediately.

Due to weather conditions it has been found necessary to postpone the opening of the rink. Watch for announcements.

All clubs or individuals wishing to rent ice this winter are requested to see Mr. Coughlin at once. If you leave it, it may be too late. Phone 31541.

The Periscope

Friday, Nov. 8 — Junior Play practice, Arts 142, 4:30 p.m.
Saturday, Nov. 9 — Sophomore Reception, Athabasca Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Monday, Nov. 11—Remembrance Day, Commemoration Organ Recital, Prof. L. H. Nichols, 10:30 a.m.
Wednesday, Nov. 13—Philosophical Society meeting, Convocation Hall, 8:15 p.m.
Thursday, Nov. 14—Oriental Art Lecture, Med 142, 8:15 p.m.; Speaker, Mr. R. W. Hedley.
Friday, Nov. 15—Deadline for Year Book pictures.

GATEWAY BOASTS WORLD CIRCULATION

Exchange Carried on With Major Universities

To points as widely separated as Sydney, Australia, and Hamburg, Germany, The Gateway is sent issue by issue, under the direction of the Exchange and circulation departments.

In return for The Gateway, copies of college newspapers from all over the world are received and kept on file in The Gateway office. The purpose of this is to give Gateway editors a better opportunity to study methods of make-up, news content and so on, as practised in some of the largest college papers printed.

Probably the largest paper from the standpoint of circulation received in The Gateway office is the Daily Northwestern, having a circulation of approximately 11,000.

Some of the most distant points reached by The Gateway are Hamburg, Germany, where it is read (we hope) by the Assistant Trade Commissioner; Oxtun, Birkenhead, England; Gilmorehill Globe of Glasgow, Scotland; Secretariat de Presse in Paris, France; Sydney University of Sydney, Australia; Sue's Press Clipping Agency of New York, and several others.

At present there are exchange arrangements with seven of America's largest universities, along with sixteen Canadian colleges from coast to coast. The Gateway has an outside circulation of approximately 225 papers, twice weekly, exclusive of those papers issued at the University.

SWEDISH SAVANT ADVOCATES ADULT EDUCATION

On Thursday night in the Med Building, Oscar Olsson, a member of the Swedish Parliament and leader in the Study Circle Movement in Sweden, gave a very enlightening talk on the Study Circle movement in Sweden. Dr. Olsson gave the fundamental principles of the system, and then went on to explain their application. The movement dates back to the time of the first mass movements in Sweden, namely, the Temperance and Labor. Prior to this the masses declared themselves disinterested in higher education, because those who were highly educated had set an ideal beyond the scope of the average mind, and they too seemed disinterested. The working classes were the ones who started this organization, who came out to emancipate the world from wage-slavery and to create a righteous society. They went to the government for support, not control, and received co-operation from them. Differing from America, in Sweden there is no difference between knowledge and education. In this country we are out for a better living; in Sweden they are out for a better life. At the beginning the slogan was, "Not for the people, but by the people." There were to be no more gifts from the higher classes to the mass.

Progress of the Movement
Thirty years ago schools and universities were not interested in adult education.

(Continued on Page 6)

CFRN MICROPHONE AT SOPHOMORE RECEPTION

Second of a series of programs to be broadcast over CFRN as a result of arrangements made by the Student Extension Department, one-half hour of dance music will be broadcast from the Sophomore Reception Saturday evening.

Gordon Shillabeer, staff announcer of CFRN, will be at the microphone, and the music broadcast will be provided by Milt Edwards, commonly known as "Guy Lombardo Wayne King" Edwards. If you are going to the Sophomore Reception, tell your friends to listen in; and if you aren't, listen in yourself.

Evangelist Believes Modern College Students to be "Fine, Upstanding Lot"

Criticizes Drinking and Smoking Among Women Students on the Campus

IN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

BY FRANK G. SWANSON

Modern day college students are a fine upstanding lot, according to Aimee Semple McPherson, world-famed evangelist and lecturer, who gave an exclusive interview to The Gateway shortly after her arrival in this city Wednesday afternoon.

The Gateway, which managed to "horn in" on the tail end of a press gathering in the lobby of the Macdonald Hotel, and then to secure a few minutes of Mrs. McPherson's time, made a tactical error at the beginning of the interview when he referred to Mrs. McPherson as Mrs. Hutton, the name of her last husband. He was soon put right, however, when the evangelist, in reply to his query of "Mrs. Hutton?" firmly replied, "Mrs. McPherson!"

Three Times and Out
Incidentally, Aimee Semple McPherson has been married three times, and as Amos or Andy would probably say at this juncture, "Ain't that sumpin'?"

Aimee, who only recently returned from India where she has been on a seven months' visit to some of her missions, is at present on a speaking tour of Western Canada. After giving several lectures in this city, she will go on to Calgary, and thence directly to her home city of Los Angeles. Asked what her plans for the future were, she replied that she had none outside of returning home.

"What do you think of present day college students as a whole?" The Gateway tentatively asked her.

"Well, you probably know that I am quite intimately associated with students through work in my temple," she explained, "and I would like to say that I believe them to be a fine, capable bunch of young men and women."

"Do you think that youth today is any more degenerate and immoral than they were, say, 25 years ago?"

"No, I don't think so. People are actually pretty much creatures of their own times, but I would say that the youth of today is a fine upstanding lot."

Pink Stucco Temple
Her previous reference to her temple refers to the Angelus Temple in Los Angeles, a palatial pink stucco structure, which is one of the show places of that city, and the head church of her sect, known as Four Square Gospel.

Mrs. McPherson stated that she has 840 branch churches scattered all over the United States, Canada and England, one of which is located in Edmonton.

Asked if she would care to predict the results of next year's presidential elections in the United States, and the chances that Mr. Roosevelt, present President, might have, the evangelist replied that she would rather not make any definite statement regarding that subject.

Aimee was also reluctant to express an opinion on Social Credit.

Smoking, Drinking Deploable
When asked her opinion on smoking and drinking among women students of a university, she felt that it was a deplorable occurrence, but was only being practised by a certain low element that is to be found on every campus. She had referred to these habits as un-Christian in a recent Vancouver interview.

It was drawn to her attention that recently a debate with the resolution, "That co-education is a waste of time and money," had taken place here. "Would you agree with this resolution, Mrs. McPherson?"

"No, I would not. If women are going to take their place in the world of today alongside men, I think they should have an adequate education at their disposal," she replied.

Thinks Women Haters Adolescent
It was also brought to her attention that a group known on the campus as the Woman Haters Club actually ex-

EVANGELIST



AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON

isted. Asked her views on this subject, she at first regarded it as a joke, but when pressed for answer, said: "They (the members) are probably a number of youths not yet over the adolescent stage." At which answer the press practically guffawed into the aforementioned evangelist's face.

This being her first visit to Edmonton, Mrs. McPherson as yet had had no opportunity to see anything of the city, but expressed her approval of the beautiful view of the Saskatchewan river and valley lying directly below the Macdonald Hotel.

Income Tax Demands Cut

At the conclusion of the interview the press was accosted by a gentleman from the Dominion Income Tax office, who having seen the interview take place and also having spoken to Aimee McPherson himself, informed the press that according to the Federal Income Tax Act the evangelist was liable to pay a tax on all gate receipts collected at her lectures, providing that said receipts went into pocket of said evangelist and not into her church fund, in which case it would be exempted.

Apparently Mrs. McPherson claimed that she has had no trouble before in this connection, but the Income Tax sleuth is unsatisfied, and is demanding a signed statement from her to the effect that all monies collected will go to her church fund and not directly to herself.

An income tax is apparently collected from all visiting wrestlers, concessionaries at the summer exhibition, prize fighters, and so on, and some difficulties may arise concerning Mrs. McPherson.

Scoop!

At any rate, this delightful concerning the income tax question was scooped from overtown newspapers, so we could not refrain from printing it.

OH LOOK !!

The editors of the feature page feel certain that somewhere, among the hundreds of people in the student body, are men who could, if they would, write for this page. And this is an appeal to them to come out into the open. Articles on any subject, from any viewpoint, and in any style (provided it can be deciphered with a certain exercise of wits) will be welcomed with open arms. Particularly is this appeal made to Freshmen, many of whom, in answering questionnaires distributed at the opening of the session, indicated an interest in journalism. Now is the time to give that interest an opportunity to express itself.

—THE EDITORS.

First Meeting Students' Union Sees Yearly Budget Approved

Dr. R. C. Wallace, Honorary President of Union, Speaks on Student Student Activities

BROWN BLUFFS

Concealed Stooges Have Field Day as Chancellor of Exchequer Has Visions of Prison Bars

By Alex D. Cairns

On Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 11:30 a.m., a Students' Union meeting was held in Convocation Hall before a gathering of approximately five hundred of the student body. The purpose of this meeting was the presentation of the 1935-36 Students' Union Budget.

Ted Bishop, President of the Students' Union, called the meeting to order, and then had Secretary George Casper read the minutes of the previous meeting. At the conclusion of this reading, Bishop inquired if any errors or omissions had been made therein. Even Mr. Prowse failed to find that such was the case. So Bishop, evidently convinced that nothing was amiss, requested that someone move that the minutes be adopted as read. After the first few minutes of dead silence following this request, Casper began to look uncomfortable. Eventually, just as Bishop was about to repeat his petition, someone whom we were unable to see but whom we strongly suspected to be Casper's stooge, moved that the minutes be adopted as read. This was quickly seconded by another concealed stooge, and reluctantly passed by the students present. Casper gave vent to a gusty sigh of relief.

Following this, Ted Bishop introduced Dr. Wallace as Honorary President of the Students' Union. Dr. Wallace gave a short and very instructive talk concerning Students' Union activities. He expressed his appreciation in being named the Honorary President, and confided to the audience the fact that he felt like one who is in the Union but does not have to share its responsibilities. Dr. Wallace went on to say that in his opinion a weak government with a strong opposition is better than a strong government with a weak opposition. For this reason a Students' Union should welcome any constructive criticism coming from the student body.

In conclusion, Dr. Wallace invited the Students' Union to consult him concerning any matter which might require his judgment, and expressed a belief that they would go forward to even greater achievements than in the past.

After Dr. Wallace's departure from Convocation Hall, Bishop introduced the Treasurer of the Students' Union, Bob Brown. Bob, by way of introduction, said that he hesitated in presenting the budget, following the University President's remarks dealing with the necessity of a strong opposition. He considered each item in the budget separately, and explained in each case the increase or decrease of expenses compared with last year's. For instance, he attributed the increase in the rugby expenses to very poor gate receipts and the decrease in that of men's hockey to a reduction of amount paid to the coach. In all, the Students' (including Year Book). From this is subtracted the Building Reserve Fund of 1,483.00 and the money for The Gateway, amounting to 2,966.00. This will give you 7,415.00, if you are well versed in the higher mathematics.

The Treasurer was asked why the proceeds from the Handbook did not appear on the budget. For an instant his face registered baffled and guilty rage, and he was heard to mutter: "Curse! I knew I couldn't get away with it."

However, he succeeded in suppressing his emotions, and sweetly told the enquirer that the profit amounted to seventy-five simoleons, and that he had neglected to make this entry in the budget.

Then another of the audience demanded accusingly where the amount from Year Book sales was listed. Brown, with visions of prison bars floating before his eyes, valiantly bluffed it out. He claimed that the Year Book had a separate budget, and that if he remembered correctly the sum was about \$850.00. He stated that it was going to be a fine Year Book and that due to more advertising the cost would not be as high as it was last year. Then he resumed his seat, obviously unable to stand up under the weight of his stained conscience.

Bishop anxiously called for somebody to move that the budget for 1935-36 be accepted. His manner was agitated, and he tried with but partial success to conceal the desperation which he seemed to feel. When the motion was rather surprisingly made, seconded and passed, Brown and Bishop relaxed considerably.

A motion was made following a suggestion from Mr. Gillespie, to the effect that in future years copies of the budget be given to the student

body forty-eight hours prior to the meeting, instead of being handed out at the door. This was seconded and passed.

Harper Prowse claimed that this suggestion had been made last year. Bishop informed him that he was out of order, as the motion had been passed, and hence discussion was closed. Prowse looked disappointed.

Immediately following this came the motion for adjournment, which was seconded and unanimously passed. And so, as no one seemed to object, we adjourned too.

TORONTO-MCGILL DEBATE NOV. 15

IN CONVOCATION HALL

First intercollegiate debate of the year, a team representing the University of Alberta is meeting a team comprised of students from the Universities of McGill and Toronto in Convocation Hall on November 15.

Debating for Alberta will be Tom Costigan and Jack Garrett. Costigan, president of the Debating Society, is a Law student and an accomplished proponent of argument. Secretary of the Literary Society, Jack Garrett is one of the most brilliant scholars in the University, and was successful last year in winning the Philosophical Society prize for essay competition.

Debating for the east will be Eli C. Kelloway of McGill University and Sidney G. Herman of Toronto University Law School.

The resolution, "Resolved that this house shall, under no circumstances, take up arms."

Particular feature of the evening will be the presence of six beautiful co-eds who will act as usherettes. Meeting you as you enter the hall, a charming young lady will escort you to your seat. The only rule of procedure is that once you are seated you have to stay there.

Admission costs have been cut to the limit.
Your presence is requested.

NOTICE

A meeting of the Committee on Student Affairs will be held in the Senate Chamber on Wednesday, Nov. 13th, at 4:30 p.m. On the agenda are ratification of the budget, and the question of the appeal from the Men's House Committee on a fine which the appellant claims was excessive. A full report of the proceedings will appear in next Friday's Gateway.

I SAW THIS WEEK

Ralph Enman dashing to an 8:15 lecture.
Dorothy Dickinson blushing in Tuck.
"Cubby" Hartrouff disgracing the 2nd year Meds by wearing ear-muffs.
Doug Florendine chiselling again. Can't someone do something about these guys who continually make themselves welcome at your table?
"Chuck" Hemmings on the run so as not to keep Dorothy waiting.
Fraser Macallister renewing old acquaintances around the campus.
Marg Thompson smiling upon her public in Arts rotunda.
Gurth O'Brien receiving due respect from numerous Freshmen.
Mary Slattery in the city for the teachers' convention.
Doug Burke frantically thinking of a way to build a set for the Soph Play.
Bill Elliott wishing there were three hundred beautiful girls in the Philharmonic chorus.
Jack Bradley leaving the anatomy lab, and seriously thinking of changing to agriculture.
John Dewis talking Freshman politics.
Merv Huston attending a lecture for a change.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published Twice Weekly
by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

FRIDAY EDITION

Editor-in-Chief Oliver Tomkins
Editor Philip Battram
Associate Editors T. Costigan, R. Samuels, J. Corley
News Editor Frank Swanson
Women's Editor Minerva Jacob
Feature Editor Jack Garrett
Sports Editor Paul Malone
Exchange Department T. McNab, Pierre Cote
Proofreader J. P. Lewis

BUSINESS STAFF

Manager Harold Love
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It is an ironical coincidence, that at the moment when Armistice is being observed throughout the world, an election hinging on the question of re-armament should be pending in Great Britain and that new bitterness toward Germany has arisen. It is a silent commentary (though Mr. Churchill is vocal enough) on the real feeling which exists on the question of pacifism. For the utterances on peace, which are heard on every November 11th, are just another example of the way in which our race is able to save its conscience with a fine oratorical flourish.

We are not sentimentally idealistic enough to suppose that any nation can come into court with clean hands in the present crisis; we are fully cognizant of the fact that Great Britain fears that Italian influence in Abyssinia might throw a dark cloud over the Sudan and threaten the artery to the East: the Suez Canal. Battleships look on Alexandria for an obvious reason. But we do feel frightened and ashamed when with unreasonable barkings and snarlings not only Italy, but Germany is affronted. The situation in Africa seemed to be tense enough without adding a fresh provocation to trouble.

We have been recently assured that Germany is unable to fight: her finances are wobbly; the tale of her armaments, like all horror stories, is wildly exaggerated. But the newspapers have worked us all into frenzy about the dangers of Fascism: we Anglo-Saxons have been well primed for fighting. Many persons have been surprised to discover pro-Semitic sympathies in their emotional framework, as the toll of injustice mounts. It would be pitiable if we again embarked, at some not too distant date, on a war in which "justice" was our plea. Surely we have demonstrated to us, that no nation fights a "just" war, and that no people have a monopoly of righteousness. The slogans of the last war we now look upon as nonsense, yet slowly we are being persuaded that we must interfere to stop the spread of dangerous doctrine.

Germany was driven finally into Fascism by the greed of the conquerors, and however we may hate Fascism, it seems unreasonable to abuse her now for the solution she has found. Possibly it is now too late to repair the folly of 1919, possibly amends can never be made, but that does not obviate the advisability of a desperate attempt.

War propaganda, and the magnification of possible threats may make the British armament works hum with activity, and dividends will soar. Meanwhile unemployment will be lessened; the nation will be safer and happier! That is the theory. And elections have been won before by holding out such enticing but destructive bait.

CHALLENGING AUTHORITY—OFF THE CAMPUS AND ON

Germany, ex-bad boy of the world, officially passed out of the portals of the League of Nations last Monday. Two years ago she served notice on a startled world that she would leave the sancroscant but somewhat inefficient body unless Germany was granted full equality. The necessary waiting period being over, Germany quietly made good her threat.

The idea of boldly challenging the League has become a bit of a habit with our European neighbors. It might be added it has become a very successful habit. Germany led off with a Texas leaguer and scored on Mussolini's double. Another hit and the people of the world will have lost all faith in their idealistic international pitcher.

This idea of challenging dubious authority seems to have penetrated even into our own quiescent campus. The doubtful prestige of the student governing board went up about ten notches when it announced it had abolished political parties, and that same prestige fell about twenty notches when the board renigged and the members declared they would try and improve conditions next year.

Perhaps the entire idea boils itself down to an old psychological principle that says, for a law to be effective it must have public opinion with it, and enough power behind it to see that it is enforced. Apparently, the organizations mentioned have neither.—Daily Northwestern.

Homely Wisdom

A school girl's essay in a Montana paper ran as follows:

"When we go camping, we must keep the place neat, we must be very careful to put out our fire. This is God's country. Don't burn it up and make it look like hell."



Item in Calgary newspaper: "There was a bad fire at John Smith's store last week. However, the blaze was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer fire department."

McLaughlin—What do you do?
Howey—I make honey.
McLaughlin—I thought bees made honey?
Howey—Not my honey.

Revised Proverbs

Look before you cheat.
He that flunks and knows his bizz, lives to flunk another quizz.

Procrastination is the sign of the times.
If at first you do not win, date, date and date again.
All are not girls that giggle.
He who hesitates is the boss.
A miss is as good as her environment.
Love supperth long and he that dines her must pay the pie-man.

We understand that the circus tattooed lady lost her job because nowadays people insist on talking pictures.

A Childish Garden of Verse
(With apologies to R. L. S.)

In winter I stay up at night
And drink up gin and get damned tight.
In springtime quite the other way,
I have my fill of beer each day.

I have my fill of beer and see
A big pink grampus in each tree;
I sing and make an awful noise,
Then pass out with the other boys.

And does it not seem queer to you
When profs mark up the books of blue,
My grades should wake me from my dream
And send me home to please the Dean?

A tiny dog was running rapidly across the desert.
Lickety-split, he went, lickety-split. As he passed the Sphinx, the stone lips opened and the Sphinx asked: "Little dog, why do you run so fast? There is nothing to hurry about on this vast expanse of sand."

But the little dog continued running. Lickety-split, he went, lickety-split. But as the Sphinx spoke again, the little dog turned his innocent head, and said: "Oh, me, oh my, what a long distance between trees on this street." And he continued, lickety-split, lickety-split.

When better dates are made they won't be blind.
Ask the man who phones one.

"Stop! Please don't do that, dear. Stop! Do you hear me? Stop!"
"What do you think you're doing—writing a telegram?"

Experience

Give me a wild girl, brother,
A girl with bright-hued war paint;
A girl who will drink and smoke and swear
With a slightly low-down taint.

Give me a wild girl, brother,
One with experience too,
One who can carry me outa the joint
And will know just what to do.

Give me a wild girl, brother,
A warm little siren for me;
I've gotta find out 'cause I'm takin'
Physiology sixty-four B.

These New-Fangled Motions by the Referee And What They Mean

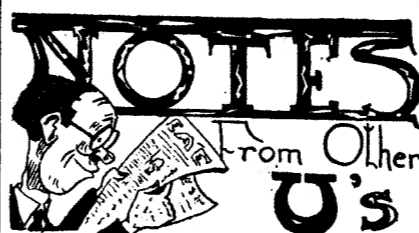
1. Military Salute—Is whistling "The Star Spangled Banner" to himself.
2. Hands on Hips—Is getting disgusted with the game.
3. Grasping of One Wrist—Is teaching the crowd life saving.
4. Crossing of Legs—Is a superstitious fellow.
5. Folded Arms—Is a strong silent man.
6. Waving Hands Behind Back—Likes variety and is doing it instead of waving hands behind tackle or guard.
7. Hand over Mouth—Politely stifling a yawn.
8. Both Arms Extended Above Head—Thinks he hears that seven o'clock radio broadcast.

Lives of great men all remind us
As we pass along the way,
That it's best to wind our watches
Just before we hit the hay.

This comes from the Los Angeles Junior Collegian. They wanted to bet that their readers wouldn't get it on the first reading. How about you?

"You referred to the Lord's Prayer in your speech today, Senator. I'll bet you ten dollars that you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer."

"I'll take you—Now I lay me down to sleep . . ."
"All right, Senator, here's your \$10. I didn't think you knew it."



Students Placed by Help of Department

In spite of the financial crisis which is keeping many out of college, the jobs of the students during the vacation have helped many to continue their courses. The positions held by students were of many kinds. By an interview with Miss Heasley, of the Department of Appointments, a general view of their occupations was given. It is extremely difficult to secure positions to cope with the greater number of applications. However, many students were able to make enough, by tips alone, to pay their whole fee. The men students secured such positions as bell-hops, waiters on ships, in restaurants and in summer resorts, salesmen in departmental stores, and various minor posts on ships. The women students held jobs as waitresses, governesses and maids.—McGill Daily.

Women's faults are many,
men have only two—
Everything they say, and
Everything they do.
—Bassano Mail.

A new organ has just been perfected which has no pipes. It is much smaller than a small upright piano, and costs only \$1,250 as compared with \$4,000 and up for most pipe organs. It is full-toned and rich, eerie and soft. It can be plugged into the wall with an ordinary electric cord, and costs less than a cent an hour to operate.—Time.

L'Académie française a terminé la 8e édition de son dictionnaire, jeudi le cinq septembre. L'auguste assemblée avait commencé ce travail en 1885; cinquante ans de labeur continu. Il faut certes un secrétaire perpétuel pour mener à bien une entreprise qui dure aussi longtemps.

"Je suis ce gros Dictionnaire
Qui fus un demi-siècle au ventre de
ma mère.
Quand je naquis j'avais de la barbe
et des dents,
Ce qu'on ne doit trouver fort extraordinaire,
Attendu que j'avais l'âge de cinquante ans."
—Quartier Latin.

Discovers Fresh Water to be Very Deadly to Plankton

Millions of dead fish strewn along a 50-mile strip of coast near Brownsville recently further substantiated the belief that the catastrophe to marine life has been the result of large quantities of fresh water pouring into the Gulf. Rio Grande floods of the last three weeks temporarily changed the temperature of a portion of the Gulf water, Dr. E. J. Lund, professor of zoology, believes.—McGill Daily.

Two Los Angeles inventors have worked out a method of electroplating corpses with stainless steel, silver, or any metal you choose. The process consists of an initial dehydration followed by the depositing of a one-sixteenth-inch layer of metal.—Life.

As a result of the new fad among college girls that natural complexions are smartest, health authorities report that cases of painters' colic among college men have practically disappeared.

Professors can be excused for being absent-minded, but there is no reason why prominent members of the Ubysey staff should be likewise afflicted. Zoe-Brown Clayton walked into the Library the other day to get a certain book. She discovered that it was out, and asked the Librarian to reserve it. Imagine her surprise when she learnt that she herself had it out!

NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL OF CANADA
SUBJECT OF TALK

E. Y. Spencer Speaks to the Chemistry Club

On Wednesday, Nov. 6, a meeting of the Chemistry Society was held in Med 142 to hear Mr. E. Y. Spencer speak on "The National Research Council of Canada."

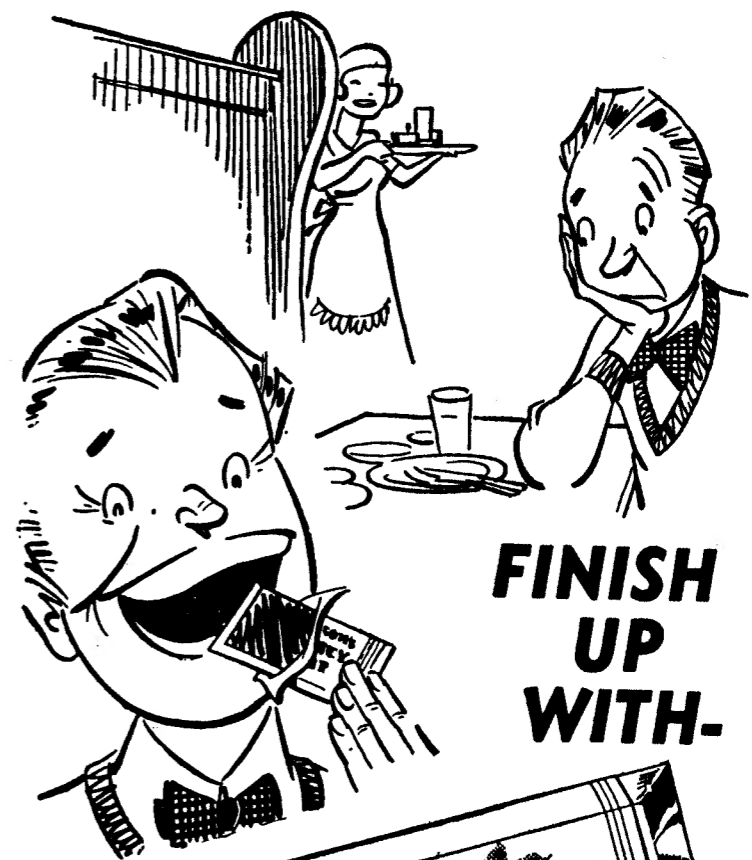
Mr. Spencer, who spent the summer working in the laboratories of the Research Council speaks highly of the Council. The authorities are very glad to have undergraduates from all universities, and to Mr. Spencer his experiences were as educational and valuable as a second University term.

The Research Council comes under the supervision of the Department of Trade and Commerce, and there are three divisions: (a) Physics Department, (b) Chemical Department, (c) Biology Department.

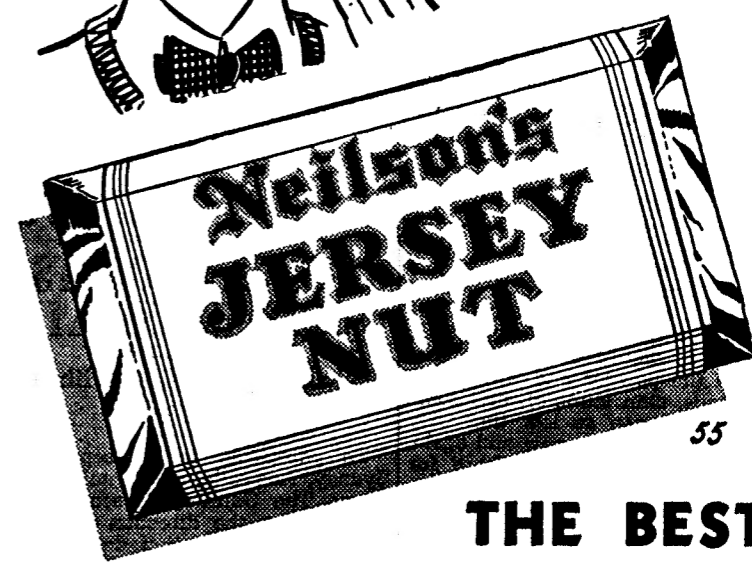
Mr. Spencer spent the greater part of his time in the Chemical Department on the problems of softening water. This is an important problem in Canada because Canada must buy her softening material—zeolite—from the United States, and they are exercising monopolistic prices, so Canada in trying to make synthetic zeolite as a by-product of asbestos. All laboratories in Canada forming a membership with the Council have the right to send in articles in dispute as to careless handling, etc. Mr. Spencer created an amusing diversion by mysteriously hinting at peculiar varieties of samples sent in. In one case a shirt made out of two different bolts of cloth was received, and after a washing the colors turned out and the shirt looked like a jockey's, as testified by a slide of Mr. Spencer's. The cloths were one fast and one slow dyed.

Mr. Spencer was particularly enthusiastic about the varieties of information and facilities for research.

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In the course of his work Mr. Spencer described the discovery of a cleanser guaranteed to remove beer stains, coca cola and lipstick stains. Unspoken question: "Where lipstick stains are and how made?"

The interested hearers also got a little inside dope of the Stevens variety. "Many of the guaranteed pure silk shirts you gents buy are weighted 45 per cent. with a tin process." Arise and protest. The ladies also got a hint that deodorants have a weakening and destroying effect on all cloths.

The speaker had many more interesting slides about apparatus, etc. Private companies in Canada want to co-operate, and the Asbestos Corporation of Canada make a grant to further the research in asbestos. All research workers submit reports on progress made, and these are strictly checked,

YEARS AGO

- 1934—Varsity Bears win Intercollegiate title by defeating U.B.C. Bears set back by Meralomas.
- 1932—Alberta retains Tennis Trophy at Saskatoon.
- 1930—Alberta defeats Manitoba 7-2 in first tilt of Intercollegiate play-off.
- 1925—Varsity wins Alberta Rugby Championship by defeating Calgary Tigers 18-4.
- 1922—Alberta wins rugby series 26-7 from Sask. Varsity wins from Sask. in Varsity Soccer final.

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On Being A Minnow

Out of all the chaos of the first few weeks at college, certain impressions stand out. The Wauneta Dance is a delightful introduction into University life, a pleasant reminder of the pleasures that are to come. The pep rallies had plenty of spirit and the rugby games—well, they provided amusement for Saturday afternoons.

But all the impressions are not as cheerful as these.

Registration was nothing less than a nightmare. Hours of standing in line to enroll in half a dozen subjects . . . to the opposite corner of the campus to hunt up the next professor . . . frantic wavings to bewildered friends . . . back to the registrar's . . . down to the book store . . . people pouring from every building. Where do they come from? One feels like a very small minnow in a very big pond. However, sturdy seniors (our big sisters) stand by in the weaker moments, and one manages to pull through.

On the first day of lectures comes the real test, to remember where, when and how to go places. Hustle here . . . scribble notes . . . dash off again . . . try to concentrate . . . give up in despair. One o'clock last night! The pangs of hunger can now be lessened, and with hope one dashes off to "St. Joe's." But alas! There are mobs already in line. Lunch hour proves patience is not a virtue, for the patient are rewarded only by empty soup tureens.

And so the first few weeks pass. We are now beginning to know the professors' names . . . we can now concentrate for half the lecture at least. The freshmen who seemed very learned and very wise the first week now find they are not so wise—the first math test proves that.

The days of muddling confusion are over, and life settles down into routine. Classes prove to be twenty-five per cent lectures and seventy-five per cent walking. No one is ever on time, and no one seems to care. By the end of one month a mere shadow of one's former self remains. But why bother about that? I always did want to reduce. This college life has advantages!

P. STERNE.

DRIVEL

To be able to enter into the child mind, to understand its intricate workings, its definite capacity for wonder, its extraordinary imaginative powers, is the prime prerequisite for one who would write stories for children—stories which will appeal to generation after generation of young people, and be read again and again in old dog-eared worn copies. A picture rises to our mind of former days and of a group of children sitting around on the floor listening with rapt attention to an old familiar oft-repeated story. And the cries of "Tell it again, mother, tell it again!" when the well-known conclusion was reached. For children are not driven in constant search of novelty as are their elders of jaded taste. For ourselves, sprawling out on the rug in front of an open fire on a wintry afternoon, an apple in one hand, a copy of Lewis Carroll in the other, was one of our favorite and most satisfying pastimes.

The scholarly Rev. Charles Dodgson, better known to children the world over as Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass" and realms of delightful fooling poetry, retained that vision, so often clouded over in adult years, which looks into the heart of a child and knows all its secrets. And children, with their often uncanny perception, recognize in him a friend and sympathizer and love him accordingly. By the same token he appeals to the child in each of us. We can still go "quietly mad" (to crib Woolcott's expression) over that gem of delightful nonsense—the lay of the Jabberwock:

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outrabe.
'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"
He took his vorpal blade in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.
And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock with eyes of flame
Came whipping through the tulgey wood,

And burbled as it came!
One two! One two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.
'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock!
Come to my arms my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Calloot! Calloot!
He chortled in his joy.
'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outrabe.

Thus with a carefree disregard of conventional language does he intrigue the imagination. And if one wants realism, what of these lines from Lays of Sororow No. 2 (a parody on "Horatius")?
"When crying children go to bed
A struggling, kicking load . . .
The charming playfulness and freshness of his writing never fails to entertain. Try it the next time you're feeling bored or downhearted!

TO MY NOSE WITH LOVE

By Jacqueline Embry

There's probably no nose as nice as mine.
Just glance at any lady's on the street.
Is there a one so small and straight and fine?
With nostrils quite so narrow and so neat?
It is a nose for jonquils and the pansy.
A nose that old faint fragrances excite;
Thyme, lavender and clove, and musk, and atsy.
For non-existent house fires in the night!

It sniffs into the past; it sniffs ahead:
Ahead to woodsmoke in an April lane;
And back to childhood's baking gingerbread.
And quivers like a rabbit's before rain.
Whose nose, I ask you, so deserves its need?
Echo politely answers, "Whose, indeed!"

HUMORESQUE

We heard a very enlightened person give a most entertaining paper on the burning question of "Humor" the other night, and it started us thinking. It was a most profound discourse, starting off with a terribly technical bit on the psychology of laughter and ending extremely sensibly with hundreds of examples of the sort of stories that make us laugh—and a nice little statement about why they do. It was most comforting to discover that the real reason we got practically hysterical the time our best friend fell all the way down the stairs from the landing to the first floor rotunda—right into the midst of a Students' Union meeting wasn't, as we had long suspected, because we just naturally had a perverted sense of humor, but rather because our sympathies were unduly aroused and we were unwilling to show it in tears, so had to do something.

Discussing the paper with some kindred souls, we suddenly remembered an article we had recently read on the innate cruelty of man's sense of humor and how the S.P.C.A. is rapidly changing it all and leading us on to a modern Utopia, where man alone will lead a dog's life. And the author's examples of the great entertainment afforded our sturdy Anglo-Saxon forerunners by Bull-baiting (albeit being something less than entertaining for the bull), and of the somewhat subtler sport of "Riding the Goose" (a whimsical pastime in which all the gallant knights vied with each other to prove their skill at jerking the head off a live goose—to the extreme merriment of the large "gallery")—all seemed to dovetail so nicely with the progress of man's sense of humor that we felt that here was a burning issue—calling, at least for a fiery editorial. But somehow all the pithy phrases and brilliant arguments we thought of last night when we were trying frantically to keep our balance in spite of icy pavements—all those horribly intelligent thoughts seem to have completely eluded us this morning—and all we have left is the encouraging thought that it would have made a great editorial—and maybe it will yet in some future existence—and in the meantime it's nice to know that today we can find the essentials for laughter in things much pleasanter than the sadistic amusements of our most respectable. (Note: It is necessary, however, to automatically exclude from the generalization regarding the humanity of today all those people who reject manuscripts with no consideration for budding genius—and professors who delight in the exquisite torture of popping an unexpected question at one and watching their victim squirm. Obviously there are no words that could ever explain that kind of a mind.)

Betty Co-Ed Talks

Betty Co-ed, the girl who gets around, has consented to hand out a few of those important "things to know" which should be part of every girl's mental make-up. Naturally she declines to disclose her favorite line in its entirety, but read closely, my pretties, and you will learn—er—something.

First and foremost, never, never be guilty of triteness, e.g., try to have an original answer for such a time-honored question as "How are you?" Of course, "Just fine" answers the purpose—but, ah, my dears, how much better sounds something like "I'm dog-gone healthy, thank you," or "Too good to be true," or "I'm feeling terrible and I'm awfully sick besides."

A lot of these so-called men are just definitely lacking, and quite obviously need a small car of gravel in the seat of their pants for ballast. You positively yearn to render the Bronx birdie or to take them slowly and lingeringly apart. But this is where the innate charm and tact of yours must come into play. Never give way to your feelings—always giggle devastatingly at every lousy pun and gurgle, "Oh, what you said, Mr. X!" This pays.

If he starts being terribly funny at your expense it is wise to have a few pet expressions handy so that you can give as good as you take, e.g., "mildewed donkey" ("Top Hat"); "in-grown demi-tasse" (very flashy and Betty's favorite); and then such terms as "koochy-koo," "snuggle-doo," and "tulip" never fail to grind the average male.

You girls have probably noticed that the more cavalierish type of manhood is given to expressing himself in French. Now, the thing is to refuse to let this sort of thing phase you. If he calls you his "little mignon" or something, you come right back with a "Mon Dieu, mon cher, quelle polie parole." Don't worry too much about this. You'll probably never be called his "little mignon."

You have met a new man who thrills you to desperation—but for Pete's sake don't be so thrilled that you start acting as if you'd only recently broken out (of an institution; not in pimples). Hang onto your poise and be nonchalant.

Oh, yes, another cunning little touch which never fails to lay them low is as follows: He phones up and says the usual:

"What are you doing this evening?"
You say:
"It all depends." He says:
"It all depends on what?" You say:
"It all depends on what you say next."

He gurgles for a few minutes, but eventually you are all set with a date, even if he had never intended such a thing. This is, of course, a little daring, but it gets you places and its effect is certainly stupendous (is little less than colossal).

So, according to Betty Co-ed, these are a few of the elementary rules governing the successful handling of men. "So what?" you say. So read this article six times, paste it up beside the picture of Nelson Eddy on your bedroom wall—and before long,

ANCESTORS

By Miriam Vedder

Among my forbears I'd like the best to meet
The great-grandfather who set fire to his sheet;
Took his pipe to bed to smoke and fell into a nap
And nearly burned the house down, the nice old chap.

All my other great-greats were very pious folk,
Prayed all day on Sunday, never made a joke,
Thought the human race had been conceived in sin—
If I had to talk to them, where should I begin?

That most wicked one who took his pipe to bed—
He's the man that I shall cultivate instead
Of all the old psalm-singers and the sayers of the prayers,
If I run into the lot of them on any golden stairs.

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The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat,
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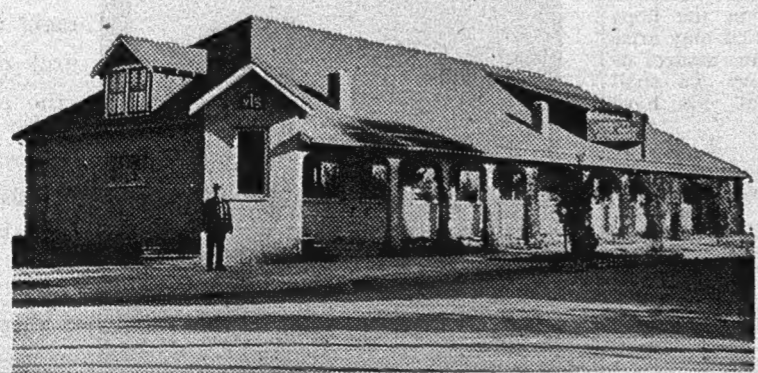
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ARMISTICE AND ARMAMENTS

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." In the shadow of the sword the world marks the seventeenth anniversary of the Armistice. This year the anniversary of the peace falls during a period of war. This in itself does not distinguish it from other Armistice days, for during the past seventeen years a war of some kind has been going on somewhere continuously. But the implications of the present war are different, if only because they affect us more closely. The danger of a general war in Europe is greater today than at any time since 1914. It needs only an "incident" to start the guns firing once again. Writing in the University of Saskatchewan "Sheaf" on Thanksgiving Day, the "Staff Observer" says: "We give thanks that within two years the plains and valleys of Europe will again receive to their soil the sweet red blood and rotting bodies of one-third of the male population of Europe. Think of the pilgrimages that generals and statesmen will be able to make and all the wreaths they will have excuses to lay on cenotaphs." And the C.O.T.C., in training to kill men in the next war, will continue drilling, twice a week in Convocation Hall, beneath the Memorial Organ, dedicated to the memory of the men who fell in the last one.

What forces have brought about the situation in which the world finds itself today? To understand at least some of these we must go back at least seventeen years. At the conclusion of the "war to end war," what has become commonly known as the "peace to end peace" was drawn up. In 1920 its implications were already clear. They are plainly expressed by John Maynard Keynes in his important book "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," which is unfortunately not as widely known as it should be. "Very few of us realize with conviction," he says, "the intensely unusual, unstable, complicated, unreliable, temporary nature of the economic organization by which Western Europe has lived for the last half century. . . . Moved by insane delusion and reckless self-regard, the German people overturned the foundations on which we all lived and built. But the spokesmen of the French and British peoples have run the risk of completing the ruin, which Germany began, by a peace which, if it is carried into effect, must impair yet further . . . the delicate, complicated organization, already shaken and broken by war, through which alone the European peoples can employ themselves and live."

"In continental Europe the earth heaves and no one but is aware of the rumblings. There it is not just a matter of extravagance or 'labor troubles'; but of life and death, of starvation and existence, and of the fearful convulsions of a dying civilization." Over fifteen years ago Mr. Keynes wrote these words, and it is doubtful if even he could foresee how the situation he pictured would increase in intensity as the years passed by. Yet the events of the last fifteen years flow naturally from the war, and from the "peace" which followed.

In the half century before 1914 the population of Germany had increased from forty million to nearly seventy million, that of Austria from forty million to over fifty million, and that of Russia from a hundred million to over a hundred and fifty million. Such an enormous increase, particularly in Germany, could be supported by but one thing, industrialization upon a tremendous scale. Conditions of the times were favorable to this development, and Germany became the factory for a great part of Europe. As her population grew, industry grew, and as her industry increased so did the population. German economy, and with it that of Western Europe, was like a top which must be kept spinning ever faster to be kept from falling over. The war not only slowed it down, but stopped it. And it is a tragic commentary on human intelligence that the people instrumental in stopping it were just those who had the greatest need of keeping it going. The war stopped the process because it ruined the vast system of German foreign trade. The "peace" completed the wreckage by breaking up the German colonies and imposing impossible penalties on the conquered nations. From 1920 to 1930 Germany and the German people grew poorer and poorer. It was only natural. Seventy million people were trying to live in a coun-

try which could at best support forty million.

"The National Socialist state of the future rests upon general poverty, relieved by enthusiasm, and maintained by terrorization." William Henry Chamberlin, quoting a book on National Socialism, in the "Atlantic Monthly."

In the light of this definition we can see how Germany came to be ready for the Nazi party. But the war had affected Europe beyond the borders of Germany. It had ruined the economic organization of almost every country. Earlier than in Germany the prerequisite of "general poverty" coupled with a complete disorganization in government, had been reached in Italy, to lay the foundations of the Fascist Corporate State. As dictatorships have increased in number and power, the vicious circle has been forged. The comparatively free trade upon which Europe had depended was broken by the war. Poverty became more widespread, and as it spread dictatorships arose, accepted by the people because the dictators promised some kind of relief, promises which were of course never fulfilled. Fostering a spirit of rabid nationalism to keep their peoples' minds off their troubles (the "enthusiasm" of our definition) and themselves in power, these dictatorships wrecked the remaining vestiges of trade, further increasing poverty. Each country has become an armed camp ready at the whim of the dictator in power to march against another. Year by year, because of these very conditions, the countries of Europe become more impoverished. And so the world moves on.

It is logical to ask, what are we going to do about it? Here in the New World it is easier to look objectively at the whole idiotic European mess. Such a glance would almost seem to justify the American attitude, "Count us out of it." That is certainly one course we could pursue. It would afford us at least temporary security. In spite of modern transport, and despite the talk of American cities being bombed by nations from across the sea, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are still wide enough to render invasion of the American continent at least very difficult. Indeed the security might well be nearly permanent, for there seems a very fair chance that the nations of Europe (and perhaps Asia too) may achieve mutual destruction, fighting over wealth which to a large extent has vanished from the earth.

The other point of view is that this is a world mess, and that we, as citizens of the world, are involved in it. This is by far the more difficult situation to face, and the problem it presents may well prove insoluble. We do not subscribe to the theory that economic forces are the sole cause of war. Wars arise in a multitude of causes too numerous to examine in detail. Yet economic causes do operate nearly always somewhere in the cycle. Mussolini maké making war on Ethiopia in part because of personal vanity and some kind of a delusion of grandeur which makes him feel that he is following in the footsteps of the Caesars. But beyond this is the fact that things are not going well in Italy. The glowing promises of the Fascist dictatorship have not been fulfilled. The population of the country is growing rapidly, the country is overcrowded and poor. Italy must expand somewhere. If in doing so she happens to run foul of Britain or France it is too bad, but the "expanding" process will undoubtedly go on unless of course it happens to precipitate a war of mutual destruction.

Over-population and shortage of natural resources are strong incentives to war. It has been suggested that some more equitable distribution of the world's unoccupied lands may be necessary before any solution can be reached. It is at least clear that this may have to be dealt with very soon. But hand in hand with any such policy must go some plan for restriction of world population. Fundamentally Malthus was right, and the fact that modern industrial methods have made possible a far greater world population than he ever imagined, must not blind us to the other fact that the world is fast becoming dangerously

Freshman Goes Nuts

By G.A.B.

In the year 1935 one dictator of the land of blackshirts, He who was named Mussolini, the leader of the blackshirts, Who cast his Eytalian eye upon Ethiopia with much aspiration, Was looked upon by other Peoples as the Demon, the slayer of unprotected peoples.

Such was the common consensus. In the same year, one Freshman of the U. of A.

Worked all day on the subject which made him irritable, argumentative. That day was a holiday, Thanksgiving, and the subject was French 2A. He, the Freshman, dares to argue against popular opinion.

Because he has gone nuts, he has torn his hair to pieces, His nerves are on edge, and he wants to kill everybody to pieces. And when someone says "Ethiopia" (as this was on every tongue) The Freshman gets ready to tear, to rend, destroy, Especially when they say the poor Ethiopians won't last long.

Thus he dares to say popular opinion is wrong, crazy mob, Who say what the others say, who in turn believes and repeats That the Demons, the blackshirts are out to rob.

They do not call the English Demons (aye, as bad as blackshirts) For driving the Indians into degradation, killing their buffalo, their deer and moose, And setting up their points of turmoil where railway and ships meet And pours forth Ford cars as the volcano. Hot lava pours o'er the earth, killing nature's beauty and life, Wild creatures in haste to depart and be spared become more beastlike. Fighting amongst each other and then confused tear loose—what the deuce! Where am I? Oh, yes—so the Indian becoming singed with pale faces vices degrades.

But the kind British thinking that enough was enough, To take all uncivilized lands from wild tribes would be pretty tough. So they cast their eyes around to see what place they should leave To let nature run wild. Thus they saw Ethiopia,

Where untamed negroes survived in rough and rugged country And gained a hard livelihood, and the climate did not suit British constitution.

And poor and scanty was the bounty. But time changes much, and the Eytalians becoming crowded in their narrow strait, So also cast their eyes on Ethiopia and began shipping soldiers at a crazy rate

To tame untamed lands and peoples and give a place to live To her aspiring energetic peoples. Then people say they are Demons, these blackshirts, inhuman monsters Who go to kill, to slay, to rend Even as one Freshman pulls his hair, And attacks his French which is helpless; but enough of nonsense. And they land soldiers, guns, planes, and tanks there.

The Freshman one day talked to an old war-horse Who lives in Edmonton and pines his heart out for another war, Who started to talk of Ethiopia, and the U. of A. Student goaded by the word Prepared to slay him then and there. But the difference of the man's opinion

overcrowded. The absolute maximum will be reached at the present rate of increase in something over a century, and it is certain that long before that time the problem will have raised serious difficulties.

There is not the slightest use in allocating unoccupied portions of the globe to the overcrowded nations if these nations are in turn simply going to overcrowd the new regions, and use the same argument to obtain more room. "None so blind as they that will not see," and those authorities who for one reason or another condemn proposals for birth-control, either have strictly selfish ends in view, are blinded to the true facts by prejudice, or simply fail to comprehend the magnitude of the disaster which is confronting humanity.

Civilization cannot stand another world war. Not because an overwhelming proportion of the population would be killed. But another war would wreck civilization as we know it by completing the ruin of the methods by which civilization is carried on. The situation is grave, and while we may not be in a position to do very much about it, we should at the very least give these matters the consideration which they so urgently need. We ask that you think on these things, if only for a little while, in the hope that from clear consideration may arise some solution which can assure us that those whose memory we shall shortly be honoring shall not have died in vain.

—L. L. A.

DISPRAISING TACT

Angela Cypher
As a matter of fact
Girls more sweet than clever
Gain nothing whatever
By tact.
As well-beloved guests
Their hostesses greet them,
Proceeding to seat them
By pests.
The oldies pet them
And ask them to visit—
Quite pleasant, but what does it
Get them?
And thrifty old codgers
Prefer them as spouses
To run gloomy houses
With lodgers.
Quite honestly, tact is
A dangerous virtue
And one it may hurt you
To practise!

LITTLE THINGS

Few Canadians really know Canada. This little fact seldom prevents the majority from arguing with conviction upon national issues both great and small, however. The first open forum debate of the year brought this state of affairs home to us with remarkable clarity, when we listened to the speakers of the evening and their successive followers propound beliefs that often showed an utter lack of understanding of the subject. They talked easily about the status of the League of Nations, of the Dominion's position in foreign affairs, and glibly discussed the possible routes of invasion.

Since military responsibilities naturally entered the field, several brilliant minds immediately seized upon the C.O.T.C. as the one example of preparedness with which they were acquainted. Their arguments rapidly revealed their mite of knowledge. One able lady told us how the trenches actually corrupted the best of men. Strangely enough, we happen to enjoy the friendship of many of those same "corrupted individuals," and find them not only to be the best of gentlemen, but also practical pacifists who never allow themselves to be swept into dream worlds by the sentimental heart throbs and mission night delusions of those who keep their vision only upon the distant rainbow and nicely forgot the tortuous road over which our weary feet must travel.

It was even suggested that Canada, as the "granary of the world," was the object of desire in many wicked foreign countries. The speaker seemed possessed by the idea that Canada herself exercised such a commercial power on this globe as to dictate peace policies behind threats of non-exportation to any wicked state. Either he has been misled by some of Mr. Bennett's federal election propaganda or he was joking. True, Canada would be a mighty prize upon the international gaming table, but the granary structure is still under dispute by its architects. A consistent wheat surplus has somewhat puzzled them.

Another virulent fellow asked his audience whether it would not be better to live happily under the "Stars and Stripes" than risk mass death from some vague, bloodthirsty foe. He believed himself to be a pacifist—thoroughly disgusted in the prospects so threateningly waved about today by Mars. The memory of Wolfe crossing the Plains of Abraham was evidently revolting to him, although then, the "Stars and Stripes" were yet to be born. To our minds he belonged in

stirred sparks of interest, Because he talked from experience, not from mob opinion, And seth, "How I would like to be with Blackskins (not blackshirts), To hide in mountain fastnesses and slay Eytalians Who dare nature's fortress, Ethiopia, And try to subdue it by force of puny man." So the Freshman challenges all that call them brutes Who go to slay Blackskins in a fashion cruel. He has gone nuts, instead he calls them daring fools.

—FINIS.

...coming up...
"throat easies!"



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SPORTS



Sport Box

By Paul Malone

The whole situation is extremely bad.

We refer to the amount of activity current in campus athletic circles at the time of writing. Elsewhere on this page you will find a story dealing with havoc done to sports by the thaw. The weather man apparently delivered himself of a tremendous "Cry Havoc," and proceeded to let loose balmy zephyrs, chinooks and affiliated disasters.

There really isn't much can be done about it, particularly by The Gateway sports department. Harper Prowse, who was going to open the rink with a gala celebration on Wednesday evening, confessed himself completely baffled, and it is decidedly inappropriate for anybody else to suggest anything after Mr. Prowse confessed total inability to cope.

It is probably a good time to deal with our critics. They can be divided into two classes:

- Friends.
- Enemies.

Mr. J. Wellington (I can't remember his last name, but it isn't Wimpy and his first isn't J. Wellington) falls into the latter class. Mr. J. wrote to Editor-in-Chief Tomkins commenting on the amount of sport copy appearing in The Gateway. He was kind enough not to comment on its quality. To Mr. J. we offer apologies, and state that the amount of space allotted to the sports department is completely beyond its control. We only try to do our best and get along.

The other chief critic is the sports editor's mother, who thinks he is wasting too much time and should not mention young ladies' names in his column. On the latter point the sports editor is agreed, but refuses to admit that work or play done for The Gateway is a total waste of time. After all, there is a party once a year, and nice people work for The Gateway.

The defence rests briefly before going to a lecture.

Brings Renown to Varsity



DR. W. G. HARDY

Second vice-president of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, and prominent in Alberta provincial puck circles, who is attending a conference of provincial officials in Calgary this week-end.

Coach "Jake Jamieson Comes Out of Retirement to Announce Hoop Teams

Personnel of Both Men's and Women's Teams Announced by Chief Mentor

MANY VETERANS

With personnels of both men's and women's senior teams definitely announced, interest in basketball will shortly be at its peak on the campus. Coach John "Jake" Jamieson, mentor of both teams announced successful candidates for positions on Thursday.

Playing on the men's team will be Claire Malcolm and Dick Shillington at centre; Walker, Joe Moscovitch, Harold Richards, and Jack Thompson at guard positions; Bill Hutton, Earl Dean, John Shipley and Jack Lees, forwards; and Fred Kiewel and Jay Burke, reserves.

Burke Returns

Prominent newcomer to the team is Freshman Earl Dean. Jay Burke and Jack Thompson are both experienced men who did not perform last year. Others on the team are seasoned veterans.

The men's team is a member of the provincial league and will probably meet Edmonton teams during the year. Leading the co-ed hoop squad will be Irene Barnett and her sister Evelyn. Irene has starred in senior basketball for the past two years and Evelyn, returning to the University this year, after a short absence, is equally formidable. Jane McDonald, a star of last year, has again been chosen for this year's squad.

Unidentified Co-ed

Also in action will be Marg Findley, Gay Ross and an unidentified co-ed whose first name is Irma. Even "Jake" didn't know her last.

Both men's and co-ed teams may possibly compete in intercollegiate playdowns this year.

Practices of the two squads are being held regularly under direction of Coach Jamieson, a few years ago a leading figure in Dominion hoop circles.

MISPLACED

A dark brown felt hat, "Smile Shop," with the initials K.A.R. Missed in Joe's Tuck Tuesday afternoon. Phone 33383.

The Faculty

The time has come to consider the University faculty in relation to their assistance to athletics in the institution.

Investigation reveals that this campus is particularly fortunate in possessing a number of professors and instructors who give athletics every possible encouragement.

President Outstanding

Outstanding in this regard is our president, Dr. R. C. Wallace, who by his unfailing attendance at major games, gives excellent example to the study body and encouragement to the warriors on the field of battle. On behalf of the student body at large and athletes in particular, the sports department of The Gateway wishes to tell Dr. Wallace of their appreciation of his patronage of their games and the encouragement he gives athletics in general.

As with Dr. Wallace, so it is with most of the other officials and professors. Dean Howes, himself once a great athlete, is the true friend of every student interested in sports on the campus. His advice is frequently sought by student athletic officials, and the counsel delivered has always been sincerely appreciated.

The registrar, A. E. Ottewell, one of the first athletes to represent the University of Alberta in athletic competition, marches in spirit with men wearing the gold and green at present.

Professor Whit Matthews—most of the athletes know him as Whit—has been instrumental in promotion of intercollegiate athletics in his official position as corresponding secretary of the University of Alberta on the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Union board.

Dr. Hardy Helps

In his activities in the Dominion sphere, Dr. W. G. Hardy has brought Canadian-wide recognition to our University, and has promoted the betterment of athletics throughout the whole of the country. He is a former president of the Western Intercollegiate Rugby Union, and has always been prominent in promotion of intercollegiate athletics. One of the western intercollegiate trophies bears his name.

And so it is throughout the whole faculty.

While it may seem presumptuous to attempt to outline assistance given athletics in the University by faculty members, nevertheless it seems appropriate to extend a humble recognition and to state appreciation of the student body at large.

Here's to you, gallant gentlemen.

MEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION MEETS WEDNESDAY

Electing Dean Howes their honorary president, the Men's Athletic Association at a meeting on Wednesday heard reports on budgets of individual clubs and commented on the general rapacity and greed of the Students' Union administration.

Since the budgets have been passed by both the Students' Union and the Students' Council, the meeting could do little but talk.

Present were Herb Gale, president of Men's Athletics; Bill Scott, secretary of Men's Athletics; Guy Morton, Don Gibson, Olie Rostrop, Frank Peters, Bob Proctor, Dick Hurlburt, Clarence "Three" Weekes, Don Thexton, Fraser Mitchell, Mac Hall, and Al Miller, presidents and managers of various sports.

WEATHER PLAYS HAVOC WITH WINTER SPORTS

Although it appeared on Thursday to be bound for points south, the thaw which prevailed in Edmonton in the early part of the week played havoc with plans for commencement of winter sports.

Coach John J. Talbot's senior puck squad, hopeful of being on the ice on Wednesday, was disappointed. So were practically innumerable interfaculty puck men who expected to swing into action this week.

However, with winter making a strong return on Thursday, it appears that hockey, skiing, tobogganing and related pastimes will undergo an immediate impetus. Furthermore, Christmas is coming, tra la!

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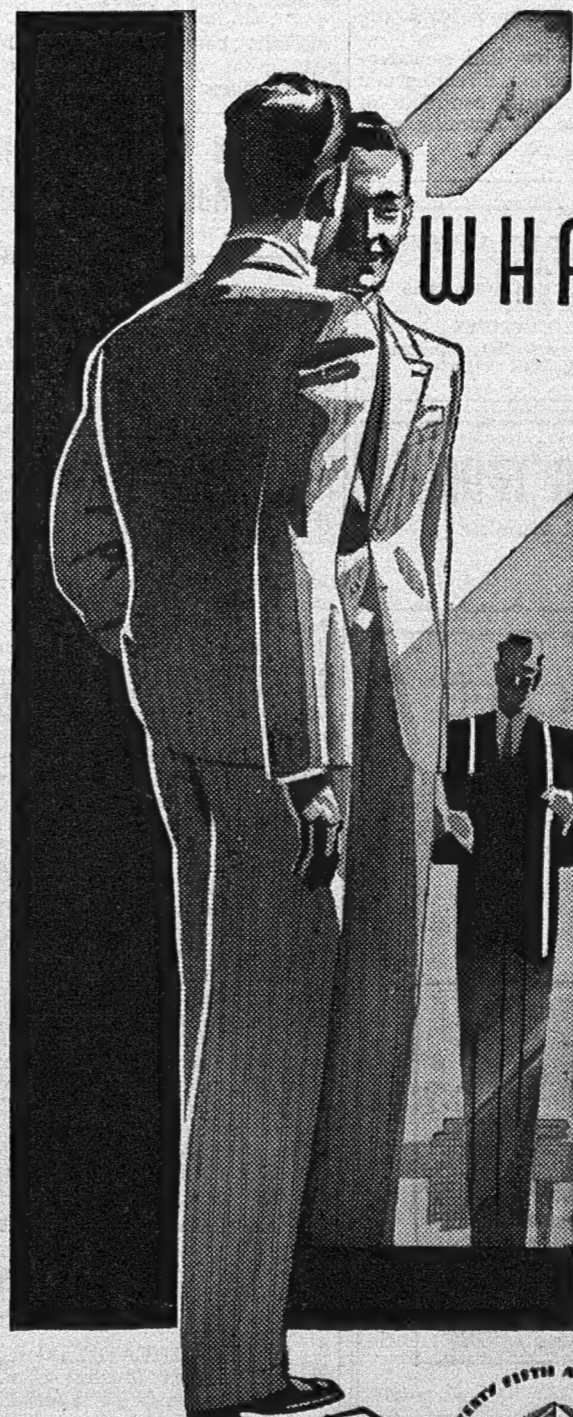
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EXCHANGE STUDENT INTERVIEWED

HIEL FRESHMEN

The annual Freshmen Election will be held on November 15, and will be calling to the standards of the Freshman Executive seven of our most prominent Freshmen and Freshettes. The executive consists of seven, worthy executives: The President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer and an executive body containing four members. The manner of electing members is as follows: The president must be a man; the vice-president must be one of the female species, able to reconcile the president (when necessary); the secretary-treasurer, who has to do most of the work, must of course be a man; the executive of four members should include at least one woman, able to maintain peace and unity in the executive. Nominations of members for any of the above positions must be handed in to Mr. Casper before November 12. Mr. Casper may be found in the office of the Students' Union room or at the Tuck Shop. Election speeches by the various nominees will be held on Nov. 13.

Freshmen are requested to hand their nominations in as soon as possible. The voting will be by secret ballot, and every Freshman should prove his faith by voting. The die is cast and the day has dawned, so come on, Freshmen; let's make this the biggest year in history.

I.C.F. GROUP

Wednesday afternoon the members of the Interschool Christian Fellowship Group met to hear Rev. H. Stibbards. Rev. Stibbards spoke on the "Importance of a Christian Attitude in Student Life."

He discussed briefly the problems of students. In his opinion these problems can be wiped away by personal Christian belief. It is necessary to believe in God, and apply that belief to every-day problems. Religion can be made effective through practical application. This is the only means of success and happiness.

"SPEAKING TO FATHER" IS FROSH PLAY

Miss Lola Sturdy Directs Frosh Dramatic Darlings in George Ade's College Play

Apparently the Frosh inter-year play was to be produced, shrouded in mystery. At least, when The Gateway obtained this interview with Miss Lola Sturdy (via the telephone) she seemed very reticent about allowing any information to reach the press.

This may have been due, however, to the fact that she was quite ill (tempered, disposed, mentally turbid, or physically unwell; this point has not been fully cleared up) and arose from her cot to talk to us. However, after promising faithfully to send a large number of violets to her funeral, she acquiesced, she warned to the subject (of the play, not the interviewer), and finally became quite voluble regarding the aforementioned stage presentation.

"Speaking to Father" is a one-act, one-scene job, which, it is estimated, will take up about one half-hour of the audience's time. A lovely, pretty, lovely little college girl falls in love (spelled L-O-V-E) with a lonely, handsome, virile big college boy. She must have been quite the tops, though, because a lean, pince-nez, studious, opulent college professor also capitulates to her sweet wistfulness. Well, the girl likes the boy, the boy likes the girl, the prof likes the girl, Momma likes the prof, and Poppa (he's always the goat) hasn't any use for either of the males. Oh, no, folks, this isn't any common love triangle; this is a full-fledged polygon, with fireworks on every corner.

But Poppa (he had to get rid of her some time, anyway) finally agrees (the play calls for a break-down, whether nervous, financial or moral is not known), and he ankles over to the college boy and offers him a partnership in his business. The boy says "I do."

Momma is mad (slightly irked), Poppa is relieved (he may get a warm dinner now), and the boy and the girl are happy (they haven't been married long), and the professor is cold (he still sleeps alone).

Miss Sturdy, who has had considerable experience in acting, directing and writing plays, feels quite confident of the outcome of the forthcoming play tourney.

MORE ABOUT SWEDISH SAVANT

(Continued from Page 1)

cation. Now they are thrown open to those who wish to further their knowledge. It is important that all people must be students in the movement, because it is impossible to serve society by having uneducated leaders at the head of uneducated followers. It was first scoffed at by the professors and teachers, but today, out of 2,500 communities, there are 1,200 study circles. They believe that a book is the source of information, that is, most books. Study circles are also reading circles. However, most of us cannot read books the way we ought to, because we have our own opinions and look to the books for confirmation. Many of the groups have formal courses, but the more popular ones are discussion centres for popular topics of the day. The criticism may be made that the groups circulate propaganda, but they are not censored by the government, because it believes it better to have educated political parties than just political parties. In conclusion, Dr. Olsson spoke of the progress being made on this continent. The speaker was introduced by Dean Kerr, who gave a short explanation of the formation and objects of the Canadian Association for Adult Education.

JUNIOR PROM??

The Sophomore Reception comes off on Saturday, and when that is over, all thoughts will turn to the Junior Prom, that formal of formals. The Junior Prom has been set for December 6, and only 180 couples will attend. The tickets are being limited to that number. The motif for the dance has not been chosen yet, but there are several under consideration. At all events, decorations will not be less fancy than other years.

If we remember correctly, in 1933 the Prom was held in Hades, featuring Dante's Inferno. Last year the scene of action was a Chinese Pagoda, before the great God Buddha. And this year the executive is trying to choose between two continents, Africa or Europe. They suggested three different countries, Sudan, Italy or Russia. You will dance either to the beat-beat of the tom-toms, the soft dreamy music of Venice, the lapping of the waters against the gondolas, or to the wild barbaric music of Russia.

It is early yet, but get that bid in, and then make sure that you get your ticket. We'll be seeing ya.

(Continued Story)

HELL AND HIGH WATER

By Dina Velmar

Chapter V.

What has gone before: Practically everything. Now go on with the story: Harold, running for the third touch-down, heard the half-time whistle blow and walked slowly to the bench. Don't miss the next thrilling instalment of this gripping continued story in next Friday's Gateway.

Rivalry between planets will be the next great force to mould a world consciousness.—Dr. Jerome Davis.

Manitoba News--Seven Mile Race Across "Campus"-- "Manitoban" Special Reaches Huge Circulation

BY W. D'ARCY DOLAN

Gateway Inter-Varsity News Service

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA, Nov. 1.—A race in which any means of human locomotion, such as bicycles, kiddie cars, roller skates or baby carriages may be used, will be the opening event of the third annual University Day to be held on Monday, Nov. 4. The race will be from the junior division to the senior division site, a distance of seven miles.

Other events on the program include two rugby games, a monster tea dance, country fair and an address by Sir Robert Falconer, ex-president of the University of Toronto, at the Civic Auditorium. At the latter ceremony the Rutherford and Cairns Trophies, won in the recent intercollegiate track meet, will be presented.

Free Press to Print Manitoban
The Manitoban will have the largest circulation in its history on November 4 when two pages of it will be included in the Winnipeg Free Press and an extra 5,500 distributed at the University Day ceremony. Over a ton of newsprint will be used. This will also be the largest circulation of any Canadian university newspaper.

A huge crowd of students met the victorious track team on Saturday, and formed into a parade of motor cars, led by the recently formed Varsity band. The parade ended at the Manitoba Union, where the weekly tea dance was in progress; here the team was officially welcomed.

The Manitoban is conducting a Varsity Community Chest on an inter-

By Ruth Hazlett

Interview with exchange student from Western suggested—accepted. Time suggested—accepted.

Result:
2:30—Gateway reporter traverses the Arts rotunda. Exchange student found wanting.

2:45—Exchange student traverses Arts rotunda. Gateway reporter found wanting.

Intervals of five minutes find the aforesaid alternately traversing the Arts rotunda.

3:30—Exchange student and Gateway reporter manage to traverse together. Result: they click. Tuck suggested—accepted. The interview proper:

"Mr. Roth, as an exchange student—"

"Oh, please, don't hold it again me. You know all this student business. There's no scholarships or anything like that involved. In fact, I had to write a supp to get here."

"Well, that kinda clears the atmosphere, doesn't it. I guess we better not mention the weather."

"No, let it go—it's, well—in fact, words fail me since I hear the worst is yet to come—'Wait till it's 40 below—cheerful thought—40 below or slush.'"

"Aside from the weather, Mr. Roth, how does our fair city strike you?"

"It's darn nice, extremely large (in area, I mean), and the street car service is swell—after London. It's really modern—you know, I thought I was coming way out west where there were cowboys and covered wagons."

"And Varsity—does it live up to your expectations?"

"Oh, stupendous, colossal, in fact, very nice. What with Tucks—we haven't got Tucks at Western, so one thing I'll grant, Alberta has better bridge players—and 'Waunetas,' and I mustn't forget rugby, which reminds me Western just created history—they defeated McGill—but seriously, I'd like to say how swell everyone has been. It's like coming to another home. A feeling of friendship and cordiality has met me everywhere."

"Cheers and more cheers, Mr. Roth. That's one thing we always like to hear. How does the student body and activities of Alberta compare with Western?"

"Western is larger—they have 2,200 students, only not all on the campus. We have affiliated colleges."

"Sports get more financial backing. We have five rugby fields, and not grids. Say, how did that word originate? 'Come down to the grid, fellows!' Gosh, it kinda grates on the nerves."

"Social functions are much the same. No house dances in which to get walked on, though. We've even got a Waunetas called the Co-ed's Ball."

"Touching on tender points, Mr. Roth—what's your opinion of The Gateway?"

"Not bad; in fact, very excellent. Tush, tush! I recognize some of the jokes from the Western Gazette; in fact, a certain young man tries very hard to beat me to my Gazette when it arrives. But otherwise—say, what time is it?"

Interview ends abruptly. Mr. Roth reaches for his hat. To his horror, or maybe delight, somebody has left him theirs. Just an exchange student, folks.

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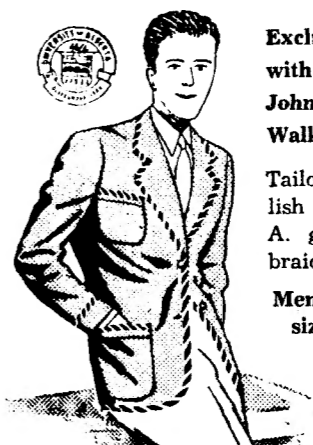
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TO-DAY'S



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THEATRE NEWS

STRAND THEATRE, Mon., Tues., Wed., Nov. 11, 12, 13—On the stage: Miniature Musical Comedy, "A Night in Avalon"; on the screen: Bette Davis in "Special Agent."

NOTE: Sunday Midnight Preview at the Strand Theatre on Nov. 10th—Special showing of "Here Comes the Band," featuring Ted Lewis and His Orchestra.

EMPRESS THEATRE, Mon., Tues., Wed., Nov. 11, 12, 13—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Top Hat."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Sat., Mon., Tues., Nov. 9, 11, 12—Clarke Gable and Loretta Young in "Call of the Wild."

RIALTO THEATRE, showing last times today and Sat.—Richard Tauber in "Heart's Desire." Coming Mon., Tues., Wed.—Nancy Carroll in "After the Dance"; also Peter B. Kyne's "Cappy Ricks Returns" with Roy Walker and Florine McKinney.